

Saturday Magazine.

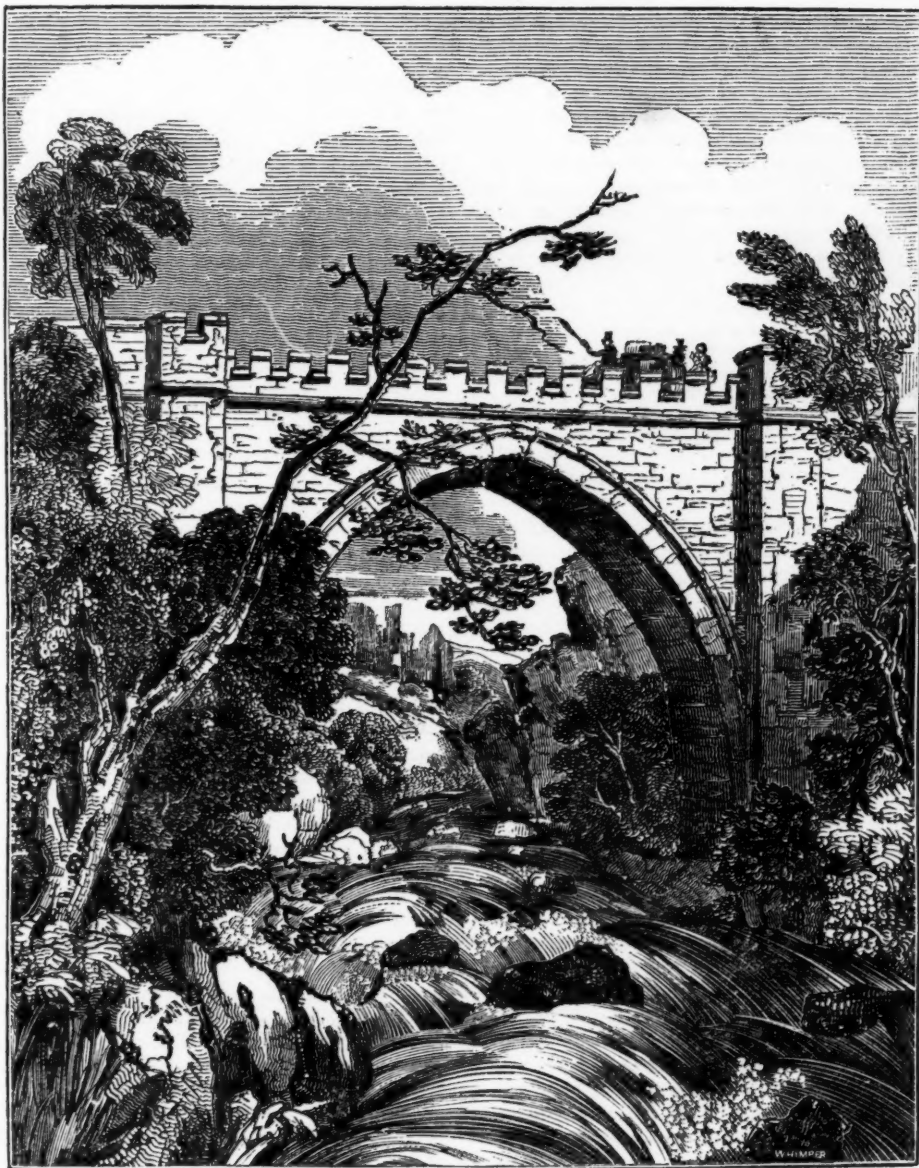
N^o 108.

MARCH

8th, 1834.PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

ROKEBY, IN YORKSHIRE.



THE ABBEY BRIDGE.

ROKEBY, situated at the junction of the rivers Tees and Greta, in a picturesque part of the North Riding of Yorkshire, possesses no common claims to the attention of the traveller. In this parish, rich in beautiful scenery, may be discovered the traces of a Roman station: it is also distinguished by the fine remains of an ancient priory. The lords of Rokeby were celebrated as soldiers and statesmen, from the Conquest to the reign of Charles the First, when the family suffered grievously, on em-

VOL. IV.

bracing the cause of that monarch, and the estate soon passed into other hands. But perhaps, the circumstance which, in the present day, gives the chief interest to Rokeby, is its having formed the scene of a poem by Sir Walter Scott. *The Lay of the last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeby*, had gained a high literary reputation for that great writer, long before "the Author of *Waverley*," or, as he was sometimes called, "The Great Unknown," came before the world.

In Rokeby, with its enchanting views, and the wild traditions connected with the place, Scott seems to have found much that was suited to his taste:—

A stern, and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode;

and the readers of that poem, who have visited the spot from which it takes its title, must be struck with the skill with which the poet has introduced the various interesting objects in the neighbourhood,—(Barnard Castle—"Eglistone's gray ruins;" Mort-ham Tower—"the Roman Legion")—and still more with the accuracy, as well as spirit, shown in his poetical descriptions of scenery. Indeed, so faithful was he to nature, whether portraying her milder or more majestic features, that after going attentively over some of his more finished representations, we might almost fancy we had been viewing a well-executed picture. In passing from Yorkshire to Durham, over the modern arch called Abbey Bridge, which is represented in the engraving, we look down on a rocky ravine: through this the Tees forces its passage, amidst irregular masses of rock, in the crevices of which, many trees and shrubs have fixed their roots; and we may then call to mind the verses of the Northern Bard:

Then in broad lustre shall be shown,
That mighty trench of living stone;
And each huge trunk that from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound checks his fierce career,
Condemned to mine a channelled way,
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.—Canto ii.

His account, also, of the torrent of Greta, and of the banks on each side, is no less accurate than grand.

It seemed some mountain rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of lime-stone gray,
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty foot-path's niggard space;
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave;
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way;
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail and frothy, and as vain!

The cliffs that rear their haughty head,
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray,
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung,
And there, all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven.—Canto ii.

The Abbey Bridge was built by the late Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby. Through the arch, on the left, are seen the ruins of Egglestone priory or abbey, standing on the brink of an eminence at the junction of the Tees with a little dell called Thorsgill. In page 96 of the present Number, our readers may have a nearer view of this interesting Præmonstratensian Priory*. That excellent antiquary, the late

* The Præmonstratensian canons were those who followed certain rules laid down by St. Norbert, in 1120. This order obtained its name (in Latin, *Præmonstratus*) from a story told by the monks. They declared that their founder received his rules bound in gold from the hand of St. Augustine, whose apparition came to him in the night! After this distinguished visit, it was alleged that St. Norbert received another from an angel, who showed him the meadow in which he was to build his first monastery; from which circumstance, it was called *Præmonstratus* (or *Prémonstré*), meaning *Fore-shown*. This order first settled in England at Newhouse, Lincolnshire, in 1140.

Rev. Dr. Whitaker, expresses his regret, that its foundation cannot be assigned to the Rokebys. The founder is unknown: it is, however, supposed to have been Ralph De Multon, in the beginning of the reign of Richard the First. Dr. Whitaker describes the church, as being still nearly entire; but complains, in his peculiar way, of "a wide, yawning east-window, supported, instead of ramified tracery, by perpendicular mullions, which give an impression of temporary props, erected to sustain a falling arch. Of this design," he adds, "so unhappily and tastelessly conceived, I have only seen one other specimen; yet it has not escaped the gothicizers of the present day, who, in their neglect of better things, have not failed to copy the east-window of Egglestone!" The church was the place of interment for the Rokebys, and formerly contained the tombs of members of that family, as well as those of Bowes and Fitzhugh. Scott alludes to the present state of the ancient fabric, and the injuries it sustained from republican fury with the feelings of a poet and an antiquary:

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced:
Through storied lattices no more
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich,
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
The civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament;
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew,
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz Hugh.—Canto vi.

No part of the ancient mansion, formerly inhabited by this once-powerful family, is now in being. Mort-ham Tower, however, became the dwelling of some of its later branches, till altered circumstances compelled them to part with this residence also.

"The ancient castle of Rokeby," says Scott, "stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood; and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh, was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Rev. R. Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons' family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

"From the Robinsons, the estate was purchased by the late J. S. Morritt, Esq., whose son, J. B. S. Morritt, Esq., is the present owner." This gentleman has a large collection of antiquities, many of which are Roman relics, discovered at Rokeby, and other curiosities connected with the situation. Dr. Whitaker renders the word Rokeby, as the dwelling near the Rock. Should our readers require further information on the subject, we recommend them to consult WHITAKER'S *History of Richmondshire*, and the notes to SCOTT'S beautiful poem above quoted.

M.

THE Emperor Charlemagne was desirous to have a magnificent bell cast for the church which he had built at Aix-la-Chapelle. The artist Tancho, who had cast one very much admired for the church of St. Gall, was employed by the Emperor, and furnished at his own request with a great quantity of copper, and a hundred pounds' weight of silver, for the purpose. Tancho, being of a covetous disposition, kept the silver for his own use, and substituted in its room a sufficient quantity of highly-purified tin, with which he furnished a most admirable bell, and presented it to the Emperor. The historian adds, however, that it being suspended in the tower, the people were unable to ring it, Tancho himself being called in, pulled so hard that the iron tongue fell on him and killed him.—RANKEN'S *History of France*.

SOCIETY. V. ORIGIN OF MONEY, &c.

VARIETY of production is clearly the foundation of exchange; for, as long as each person provides for all his own wants, and only for them, he will have nothing to part with, and nothing to receive. Barter, then, having become a common matter of business, would naturally give place, in the progress of society, to the employment of some kind of MONEY.

It is not intended to enter here on the important and curious questions which belong to the subject of money. It will be enough for our present purpose to state, that, by money is meant any commodity in general request, which is received in exchange for other commodities not to be directly used by the party receiving it (for *that* is barter), but for the purpose of being again parted with, in exchange for something else. It is not the very article which the party wants, or expects hereafter to want; but it is a security, or pledge, that he may obtain that article whenever he wants it from those who have it to spare. The herdsman who needed, or expected hereafter to need, a supply of corn, might, if he could not in any other way effect an exchange, be willing to part with some of his cattle for cloth, of which he had no need, in the expectation of being able to exchange that again for corn with some one who either needed it, or would take it in the same manner as he had done. The cloth would do as well as money, till it should reach the hands of one who designed to keep it for his own use. And it appears, that there are some parts of Africa, where pieces of cloth, of a certain fixed size and quality, are, as it were, the current coin of the country. In other parts of Africa, wedges of salt are said to be used for the same purpose.

But the herdsman would, most likely, rather receive in this way, instead of any articles which he did not himself need, some *ornamental* article in general request, such as a bracelet, or necklace, of gold, silver, or valued shells or stones, not only as less bulky, and less liable to decay, but because they could be used by him for the purpose of display, till he should have occasion to part with them, and could then be paid away without inconvenience. Accordingly, the aim has always been to use, as a means of exchange, rather than all others, articles of an ornamental kind, prized for their beauty and rarity. Such are gold and silver, which have long been much the most generally used for this purpose;—the cowrie-shells, admired for making necklaces, and commonly used as money throughout an extensive region in Africa,—the porcelain shells, adopted in like manner, in some parts of India; and the wampum of some of the native American Indians, which consists of a kind of bugles wrought out of shells, and used both as an ornament and as money.

THE EFFECT OF EMULATION.

As wealth increased, the *continued effect of Emulation* would be, to make each man strive to surpass, or at least, not fall below his neighbours: for it is important to keep in mind, that the selfishness, the envy, the unfairness, the baseness of every kind, which we so often see called forth in the competitions of worldly-minded men, are not caused by the increase of national wealth. Among poor and barbarous nations, we may find as much fraud, covetousness, vanity, and envy, called forth on the score of a string of beads, a hatchet, or a musket, as are to be found among wealthier states.

The desire of wealth, and Emulation, the desire of equalling or surpassing others, are neither of them,

in themselves, either virtuous or vicious. A desire of gain, which is either excessive, or has only selfish indulgence in view, is base and hateful; when the object is to keep one's family from want and dependence, it is praiseworthy: when wealth is sought as a means of doing good to others, the pursuit is noble. Emulation, again, when it becomes envy, is odious; when directed to trifling objects, despicable; when duly controlled, and directed to good objects, is a useful and honourable hand-maid to virtue. And, in both cases, there are, between the highest and the basest motives, innumerable gradations. But it is to be observed, as a point most interesting in the present inquiry, that, by the wise and benevolent arrangement of Providence, even those who are only thinking of their own credit and advantage, are, in the pursuit of selfish ends, unconsciously assisting others. The public welfare is not left to depend merely on the operation of public spirit.

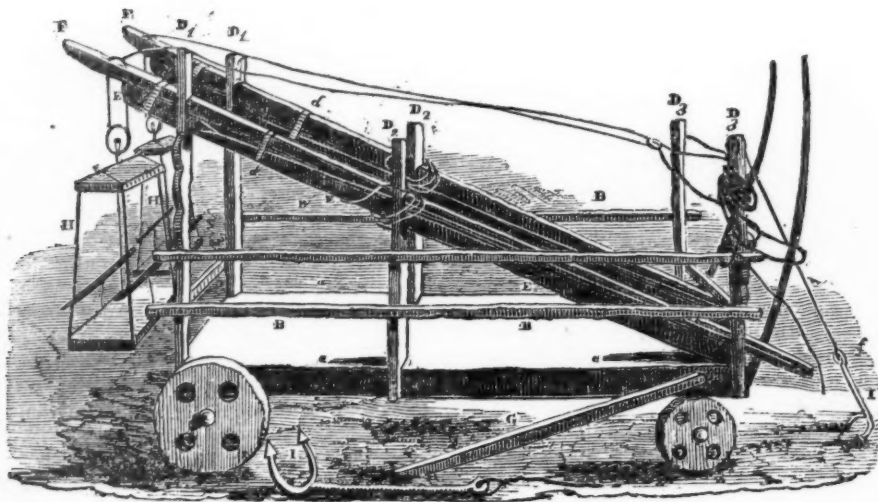
The husbandman and the weaver exert their utmost industry and ingenuity to increase the produce of the earth and of the loom; each, that he may be enabled to enjoy a better share of other productions: but, in so doing, the husbandman and the weaver cause men to be better paid and better clothed. And the effort of each man, with a view to his own credit, to rise, or, at least, not to sink, in society, causes, when this becomes *general*, the whole society to rise in wealth.

The rate of progress thus occasioned by Emulation is never fixed; because the object aimed at by each of a great number, can never be reached by all of them. If men's desires were limited to a supply of the necessities and commonest comforts of life, their efforts to reach this, would, indeed, bring the society up to a certain point, but not necessarily further: because *this* object might be gained by *all*. And if it were, the society might there become stationary. But when a great portion of its members are striving, each to attain, not merely an absolute, but a comparative degree of wealth, there must always be many, who, though they continue advancing, will yet remain in the same position with regard to their neighbours, who are equally advancing: and thus the same inducement will continue to operate from generation to generation. The race never comes to an end, while the racers are striving, not to reach a certain fixed goal; but each, either constantly to keep a-head of the rest, or, at least, not to be among the hindmost. D.

Frugality of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic: it is that, by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury, the natural cause of their decay and ruin.—BISHOP BERKELEY.

A STRANGE CASE.—A case in law was related to Martin Luther; namely, that a miller had an ass which ran out of his paddock, and came to a river's side, where he went into a fisherman's boat that stood in the river, to drink thereout. But inasmuch as the boat had not been tied fast by the fisherman, it floated away with the ass, so that the miller lost his donkey, and the fisherman his boat. The miller thereupon, complained of the fisherman for neglecting to tie his boat fast; and the fisherman accused the miller, for not keeping his ass at home, desiring satisfaction for his boat. Now, the question was, What is the law? Did the ass take the boat away, or the boat the ass? Whereupon Luther said, "These are called cases in law: they were both in error; the fisherman in not tying his boat fast, and the miller in not keeping his ass at home. There is a fault on both sides; it is a chance-medley: there was negligence on both sides: such cases wave the rigour of lawyers: for the extreme rigour is not to be exercised, but only equity. All things are to be governed by equity."—LUTHER'S *Familiar Discourses*.

PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.



THE CLIFF WAGGON.

As scarcely any of our readers are unconnected with, or uninterested in individuals, who are occasionally exposed to the perils of shipwreck, we give a sketch of the CLIFF WAGGON for communicating with persons who have been wrecked, or have reached the shore, at the bottom of high cliffs, to whom there is not any access from the summit, or by boats, on account of the heaviness of the sea, and the rocky nature of the coast.

Attention was very painfully excited to the best means of rendering assistance on rocky and precipitous coasts, to shipwrecked persons, when it was found, in the case of the *Wilhelmina*, a foreign vessel, that the Life-Boat, and Captain Manby's mortar apparatus, could not afford succour. The *Wilhelmina*, after a fearful suspense of many hours, in which there were occasional gleams of hope that she might escape, struck, and was speedily broken up against a detached rock, at some distance from the main cliffs, considerably to the southward of the entrance of the river Tyne. The labourers of the adjacent farms, and others, were watching her, with such ropes as they could procure. A portion of the wreck conveying five persons, drove in shore, and was brought by the wind into a bay: they seemed to have escaped: a subsequent wave carried them back into destruction. Though the cliff was not very high, there was not any path or descent, and the ropes were not strong enough, to allow of lowering by them the men, amongst the anxious bystanders, who earnestly desired to make the dangerous experiment. In their sight, the whole crew of the *Wilhelmina*, including a woman and an infant child, perished*.

The Cliff Waggon was invented by Mr. James Davison, master mariner, of Whitburn, near Sunderland, who was for some time very active in charge of the Life-Boat, at Redcar, near the mouth of the river Tees, and has since been in the superintendence of the establishment at Whitburn, for the preservation of life from shipwreck. The machine here described, was built under the direction and at the expense of the Whitburn Establishment for the preservation of life from shipwreck.

* Their bodies were eventually found, and buried with the rites of the Church of England, in Whitburn Churchyard

It is a platform *aa*, 14 feet 9 inches, by 6 feet, made of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch deal planks, guarded by rails *bb* at the sides and one end, moving on four wheels, by one or two horses, with a shaft like a common waggon. Three strong uprights, *ddd*, on each side, each 10 inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ thick, support an inclined beam *ee*, 17 feet long, and 6 inches by 5, on rollers, upon which works a sliding lever *ff*, 21 feet long, of the same dimensions as the supporting beam *ee*; they are connected by hoops *dd*, and pass through the tops of the uprights *d* 1, *d* 2, and through the bottom of *d* 3. At the extremity *f* of each lever, is suspended, by means of blocks and the strongest patent rope, made of whale-line, a sling or seat; the ropes connected with which, pass through a sheaf or block in the end, *r*, of each lever, and of the upright *d* 3; and thus, by the assistance of a few men, four or more persons with ropes, life-buoys, &c. &c., may be lowered down at the same time, from the top of the inaccessible cliff, to the aid of the unfortunate mariners below. One swing may remain down, if required, for the security of the men, when the sea beats upon the base of the cliffs; into the other swing, they can put each person as they rescue them from the waves. For women and children, or men who may be injured or exhausted, a strong wicker basket has been provided, to be substituted for the swing, in which they may be laid at length, and carried, when raised to the summit of the cliff, without the pain of further removal, to the nearest house. The ordinary sling is provided with a strong strap to buckle round the waist, and will with the person saved, convey a man to take care of him.

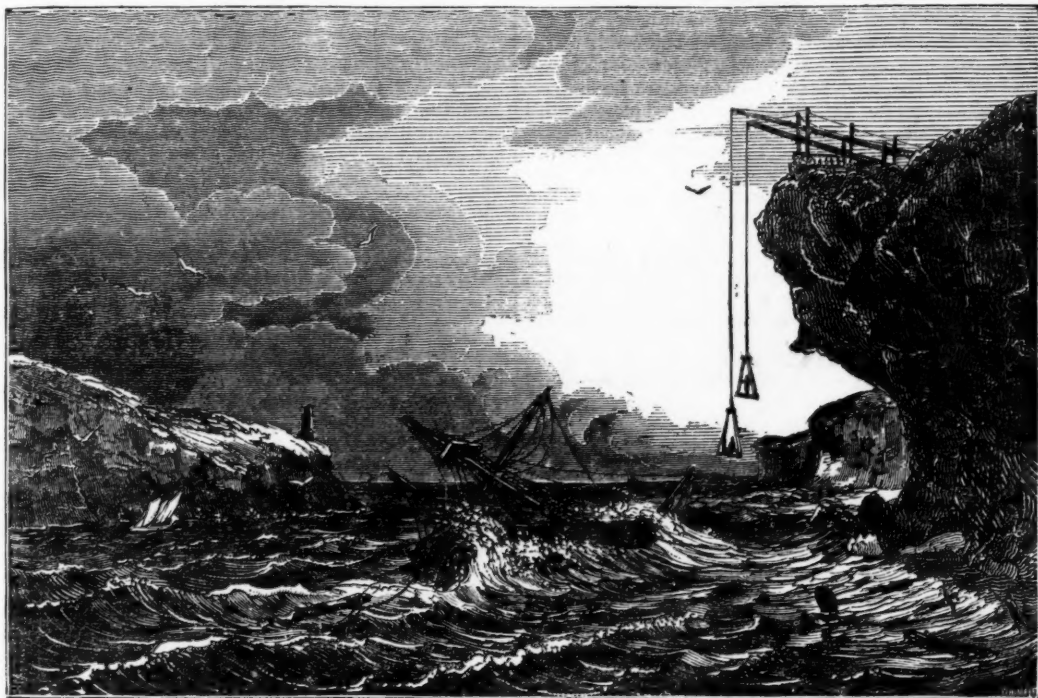
When called into service, the waggon is backed as near to the edge of the most perpendicular part of the cliff, as may be deemed sufficiently solid to bear the weight of it. It is made fast by letting down the spur-shores, or stays, *g*, 7 feet long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, at each side of the platform, and which must work deeper and deeper into the earth, if the waggon moves. The wheels are sunk, and it is moored by two strong grapnels, or devil's claws, from the tops of *d* 3, carried out as far as may be necessary, *i*, and by loading it with stones &c. If any cause of apprehension exist, the horses, which drew the waggon may remain attached to the shaft, and the men employed in raising and lowering the swings, may stand on the grapnel ropes.

The uprights *d*, at the lever ends *f*, are each 7 feet 6 inches high, the two others on each side, are 5 feet high. The levers *ff*, may not only be extended so as to allow for unseen projecting parts on the face of the cliff, but may be drawn in again, merely by the continuance of the same pull, which raised the swing from the bottom of the cliff, so as to land the persons brought up. Each lever is projected by means of a block at the inside of the upper part of *d* 1, the rope from which passes through a sheaf in the lower end *f* of the lever, and is made fast at the outside of

D 1. The levers are secured at the extension required, by a turn of the rope round a strong rail across the waggon, from D 2 to D 2.

The extreme outside width of the waggon, including the wheels, is eight feet, which allows it to pass through any ordinary gateway. The side-rails, BB, are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches square; the iron rail H, at the cliff, or lever end, (to prevent men from falling over in their earnestness to render help, and land the sufferers as they come up,) is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch

thick. The platform contains a well, or wells, to carry the necessary tools, as spades, pick-axes, mallet, hammer, spare ropes, &c. Captain Manby's mortar apparatus may be conveyed in the waggon, and lodged at the place most convenient for communicating with the wrecked vessel, and the waggon may proceed from point to point, according to the probability which may seem to exist, as to the precise spot to which a boat or men may be driven.



Communication with a Ship in distress by means of the Cliff Waggon.

The Cliff Waggon possesses almost every quality which can recommend any invention destined to a similar purpose. That built at Whitburn was completed and painted for about 40*l*., ropes included; it was made by the village workmen. There is not in it any thing intricate,—any springs or nice mechanism which may be deranged,—any thing which rapidly decays, or cannot be readily replaced;—not any thing, in short, which is not available for the exertion of the simple physical power of any men who can be brought together. If the materials of which the Cliff Waggon is formed be substantial, no caution is required beyond that of securely fixing it in its position on *sound* ground, at the edge of the cliff, and *steadiness and slowness in lowering and raising the slings*; too great exertion of strength in pulling, causes the levers to play too much, and materially increases any previously unseen danger from projections on the face of the cliffs.

A model of the Cliff Waggon, made, as well as many others, by the inventor, now in his eighty-second year, is to be placed in the National Gallery, in Adelaide-street, Strand, where it is hoped it will attract the attention of those friends of humanity, who may have it in their power to recommend it to the Committees and Associations for the preservation of life from shipwreck, within whose districts are portions of steep cliffs, on which vessels have been lost.

INSCRIPTION

For a Monument to the Memory of those Sailors whose bodies were (after the Wreck of the ROYAL GEORGE, which sunk at her anchors at Spithead, in 1782), cast up on the beach at Ryde, in the 1*st* of

Wight, and buried in a small meadow, under the Woods of St. John's, near that place.

Thou! who dost tread this smooth and verdant mead,
Viewing, delighted, the fair hills that rise
On either hand a sylvan theatre
While in the front, with snowy pinions closed,
And thunders silent, Britain's guardian fleet,
On the deep bosom of the azure sea,
Reposes awful; pass not heedless by
These mould'ring heaps, which the blue spiry grass
Scarce guards from mingling with the common earth;
Mark! in how many a melancholy rank
The graves are marsh'd;—Dost thou know the fate
Disastrous of their tenants? Hushed the winds,
And smooth the billows, when an unseen hand
Smote the great ship, and rift her massy beams—
She reeled and sunk. Over her swarming decks
The flashing wave in horrid whirlpool rushed;
While from a thousand throats one wailing shriek
Burst, and was heard no more.—

Then day by day
The ebbing tide left pregnant on the sand
The livid corpse; and his o'erloaded net
The shuddering fisher loathed to drag ashore.
And here, by friends unknown, unmarked, unwept,
They rest. Refuse not then a passing sigh,
And wish of quiet consummation,
For in thy country's service these men died.

The facts above mentioned are historically true. The ship when first she filled, fell over so as to dip the flag at her mast-head in the sea; then, rolling back, she fell over to the other side till her yard-arms touched the water; she then righted, and sunk nearly upright. While she was sinking, nearly every soul on board came on deck; and I was told by Admiral Sotheby, then a lieutenant on board the next ship, that, as she went down, this mass of people gave a cry so lamentable, that it was still ringing in his ears. It was supposed that, at the time of the accident, above 1000 persons, men and women, were on board;—not 400 were saved. The eddy made by the sinking ship was so great, that a large victualling-barge, which lay along-side, was drawn in, and lost with her.—Sir H. C. ENGLEFIELD.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A HIGHLY interesting scene occurred at a recent meeting of the *Bath and West of England Society*, when a labourer, eighty years of age, and who had brought up fourteen children, without any assistance, was introduced to receive the Society's premium. A narrative of circumstances relative to this individual, was given in nearly the following words, by the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, the Minister of the parish to which the worthy labourer belonged.

John Harding, my old parishioner, having received your bounty, I feel it a duty, having brought him here and set him before you, to narrate some circumstances in his exemplary life, not on his account, but on account of the Christian example, particularly in times like the present.

John Harding, now standing before you, is the son of a person who rented a farm in the parish of Bremhill, and who was enabled, at his death, to leave to twelve children one hundred pounds each, and no more. John, one of the children, was eighteen years of age when he received his humble share of fortune, and was a carter working on his father's farm. Now his having, at this early age, possession of such a sum, I trust you will think, redounds the more to his credit, as it shows his temperance and attention to those religious duties in which he was carefully bred up, and which he has preserved through his long course of life; for what would be the language of most young men in the same situation? Why, 'I can but follow the plough when my money is gone!' On the contrary, never forsaking his honest, laborious employment, he prudently resolved to put out his money 'to use,' as it is called, and save it till it was more wanted.

John had his village sweetheart, whom he married at the age of twenty-five, when he had saved enough to begin humble house-keeping. He laboured on the farm as a carter to his eldest brother, and continued in his service three-and-twenty years, when his brother died. He then went into service on another farm in the same parish, possessed by two brothers of the name of Crook. One of these brothers is yet living, and John Harding continued to work on the same farm from that time till the present year, living on one farm in the parish of Bremhill twenty-three years, and on the other farm thirty-seven years, and (with his original hundred pounds laid by for what is called a rainy day,) breeding up, industriously and religiously, fourteen children!

John continued—

Jocund to drive his team a-field,

till his increasing family began to press hard upon him, for having had one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten children, it might be thought, that with not one penny besides what he gained by his weekly labour, six shillings a week when he began, and the interest of his one hundred pounds, he and his wife must have had enough to do to get on. Still they kept on contentedly; and he was never absent from his church on Sundays, where I have been, what is the fashion in these days to call working clergyman, for eight-and-twenty years.

Behold him now, the father of fourteen children, seven of whom are now living, and these fourteen children were at one time pressing on his affectionate anxieties; and when he looked on the faces of his 'little ones,' as he returned from his daily toil on the winter's evening, he looked on them with a prayer to God, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, before he went to rest. It will be conceived that, at this time, the thought must often have arisen that it would be for their advantage to take a small sum from his original stock; but no! God had hitherto befriended him—he never had a day's sickness, and he had weathered, in his journey of laborious life, many a wintry day. He still, therefore, laboured on, and had now saved up so much from the interest of his own money, that, with a little lent him by his old and affectionate master, he was enabled, not long ago, without any parochial assistance whatever, to purchase two small tenements, for three lives, of the lord of the land, being still resolved to keep what he had saved so long, for the evening of his days, when his work should be done.

Now, Gentlemen, I would beg your attention to what follows. Be assured there is nothing poetical in what I have related, but plain and bare matter of fact. You have seen his mild features, his gray hairs and his erect form, though now in his eightieth year! When his strength for

labour was declining, his numerous family being now settled or dispersed, his aged wife and himself lived in a small cottage; and if I might here indulge in one word of poetry, I would set before you that interesting picture of an old couple from the affecting lines of poor Burns—who cannot repeat them:—

John Anderson my Jo, John,
We climb'd life's hill together,
And many a happy day, mon,
We've had with one another;
But now we totter down, mon,
Yet hand in hand we'll go,
And rest together at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

But now let us change the scene. The sum which had been preserved so long through the storms and sunshine of village life, at this time, when it was most needed, John had been persuaded, for greater security, to place in the hands of one of those heartless—I will not debase the name by calling such a being a *man*,

—For what *man* knowing this,
And having human feelings, would not blush
And hang his head to call himself a *man*?

But in an evil day, the savings of a long life were intrusted to the hands of one who left the country in debt three hundred thousand pounds. Among thousands of other sufferers, my poor friend was one. His money was gone to the winds, in the time of the greatest need; but he was not desolate entirely, for though his hundred pounds with which he set out in life were gone, he had two cottage tenements still remaining, now, indeed, held only by one life. Alas! in less than three years this one life dropt, and he and his aged wife were, after so industrious and so long a life, left to the reluctant dole of a parish, and their last asylum, a parish workhouse! What did he do? He came to the *parson of the parish*—the poor man's general friend, notwithstanding the obloquy and insults to which in the present day he is exposed. He came to me; he told the plain and simple facts; and those facts, which I have now detailed, I stated, from his own mouth, in a petition to the lord of the land, under whom his cottages were held. He was unable to pay for a renewal. The plain statement thus taken from his own mouth, was sent, in the poor man's name, to the great landed proprietor. What did this lord of the land the instant he had read the statement? Hear, ye revilers of our generous aristocracy! He instantly called on the poor old gray-headed labourer, shook him cordially by the hand, and told him 'to make his mind quite easy,' for the cottages were his for his own life and that of his wife, which he hoped would yet last for many years.

Gentlemen, this was the language of that kind lord, and you will instantly feel that language would be inadequate to express my own feelings, who for twenty years have been the friend of that lord, when I now inform you that lord was our most noble and benevolent president, the Marquis of Lansdowne.

After a pause, Mr. Bowles continued; Gentlemen, you have all heard, I have no doubt, of the celebrated Mrs. Partington, who attempted to *mop out* from her little parlour the great Atlantic Ocean. I barely allude to the subject, lest it might be thought I could, in such a society, venture to say a word which might be deemed *political*, but I may say, I hope that whilst such charities are exhibited as this day we have witnessed, and whilst the rich and the poor thus meet together, we need not fear that any revolutionary waves will sweep away the fabric of the British constitution; and thanking you, in behalf of my poor parishioner, for your attention, and the time I have taken up, it only remains for me to pray, with him, for the increasing prosperity of the Bath and West of England Society when our days shall be numbered.

Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, *do not let it pass, but instantly check them*; you do not know where deviation from truth will end.—DR. JOHNSON.

THE march of intellect is proceeding at quick time; and if its progress be not accompanied by a corresponding improvement in morals and religion, the faster it proceeds, with the more violence will you be hurried down the road to ruin.—SOUTHEY.

THE PESTILENCE AT ALEXANDRIA.

In a former volume* there was an account of the Pestilence at Athens, from the historian Thucydides; some part of it is here repeated, as forming with the account of the same disease at Alexandria, an impressive contrast, and illustrating the peculiar influence of Christianity on the characters of men. The two cases here described, are, in their external circumstances, exactly similar, and both are of such a nature, as to call forth the undisguised expression of real feelings; the difference of them being entirely moral, and created by the difference of religious sentiment. The latter of the two representations may, in the noble contempt of death which it portrays, be thought to discover something of excess: but it is to be considered, whether, in any possible state of man, we are warranted in expecting to find even the most sublime virtue unaccompanied by a tincture of human infirmity†.

Thucydides describes the total dejection and despair of those who felt themselves attacked; they gave themselves up, and sunk without a struggle. Most men, through fear, forbore to visit the sick, and thus they died forlorn and destitute of attendance, by which means whole families became utterly extinct. In some places the corpses lay stretched out upon one another, both in the streets, and about the fountains, whither their rage for water had hurried them. The very temples, too, were full of the corpses of those who had expired there; for men fell alike into a neglect of sacred and social duties, and totally disregarded the rites of decent burial. This pestilence, too, gave rise to the most unbridled licentiousness, for when men saw the rich hurried away, and those who were before worth nothing, coming into immediate possession of their property, they began to live solely for pleasure; and seeing a heavy judgment hanging over their heads, they thought it wise before it fell on them, to snatch some enjoyment of life; nor did they allow any fear of their gods, or respect for human laws, to be a check on their licentiousness. Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, gives a very different account of the plague which visited that city in the third century.

After saying that there was no house where there was not one dead, he adds, "Oh that I could say, there is only *one* dead in every house, but the city is filled with lamentations, by reason of the multitude of corpses, and the daily dying." Yet they thought they ought not to account it a calamity, but an exercise and trial, in no way inferior to those of wars and persecutions from which they had lately suffered. His account proceeds thus: "Most of the brethren, by reason of their great love, and brotherly charity, sparing not themselves, cleaved one to another, visited the sick without weariness, and attended upon them diligently, administering to them in Christ, and most gladly dying with them. In this sort the best of our brethren departed this life: whereof some were presbyters, some deacons, and others laymen, held in great reverence; so that this kind of death, for the great piety and strength of faith, seems to differ in nothing from martyrdom. Moreover, they took the bodies of the departed saints into their uplifted arms, wiped their eyes and closed their mouths, carried them on their shoulders, and laid them out: they embraced them, washed them, and wrapped them in shrouds: and shortly after, these persons obtained the same kind offices from others: for the living continually traced the steps of the dead.

"But among the heathen (in the same city), all fell out on the contrary. They drove the sick out of their houses, as soon as the first symptoms of disease were observed: they shunned their dearest friends and relations: they threw out the sick, half dead, into the streets: they threw their dead, without burial, to the dogs: thus did they endeavour to evade partaking in the general fate, which notwithstanding the many expedients they used for that purpose, they could not easily escape."

CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to chastity of sentiment. First, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifold offence; the different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences; the more they are advanced in civilization, the more they consult this part of politeness. Secondly, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age, itself, is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves, that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, both of mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. In the third place, it bears a great analogy with chastity of sentiment, and naturally inspires refined feelings and passions; we find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearance of what is shocking: and thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is a part of religion; the Jewish law, (as well as the Mohammedan, which in some things copies after it,) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature; and we read several injunctions of this kind in the Book of Deuteronomy.—ADDISON.

"LET me tell you," says Izaak Walton to his scholar, "I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy, that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, 'the diligent hand maketh rich;' and it is true indeed, but he considers not that 'tis not in the power of riches to make a man happy. It was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them;' and yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience."

THE truest courage is always mixed with circumspection, this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardness of the rash and foolish.—JONES OF NAYLAND.

FOR every ill beneath the sun,
There is some remedy, or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit; and never mind it.

* Vol. I., p. 117. † T. W. Lancaster, Bampton Lectures.

SNOW STORMS ON THE ANDES.

On the passage over the Andes, are many brick huts, which are built to shelter travellers from the dreadful storms to which they are often exposed.

These storms, says CAPTAIN HEAD, are so violent, that no animal can live in them; there is no warning, but all of a sudden, the snow is seen coming over the tops of the mountains in a hurricane of wind; hundreds of people have been lost in these storms; several had been starved in the hut where we stopped to rest, and only two years before, the winter, by suddenly setting in, had shut up the passage across the mountain, and had driven ten poor travellers to this hut. When the violence of the first storms had subsided, the courier came to the spot, and found six of the ten lying dead in the hut, and by their sides, the other four almost dead with hunger and cold. They had eaten their mules and their dog; and the bones of these animals were now before us.

These houses are all erected upon one plan, and are extremely well adapted to their purpose. They are of brick and mortar, and are built solid, ten or twelve feet high, with a brick staircase outside. The room, which is on the top of this foundation, in order to raise it above the snow, is about twelve feet square; the walls are extremely thick, with two or three small loop-holes, about six inches square; the roof is arched, and the floor is of brick.

A building so small, and of so massive a construction, necessarily possesses the character of a dungeon; and as one stands at the door, the scene around adds a melancholy gloom to its appearance, and one cannot help thinking how sad it must have been, to have seen the snow, day after day, getting deeper and deeper, and the hope of escaping hourly diminishing, until it was evident that the path was impracticable, and that the passage was closed!

Even without these reflections, the interior is melancholy enough: the table, which had been fixed into the mortar, was torn away; and to obtain a momentary warmth, the wretched people who had been confined there, had, in despair, burnt the very door which was to protect them from the elements. They had then, at the risk of their lives, taken out the great wooden lintel, which was over the door, and had left the wall above it hanging merely by the adhesion of the mortar. This had evidently been done

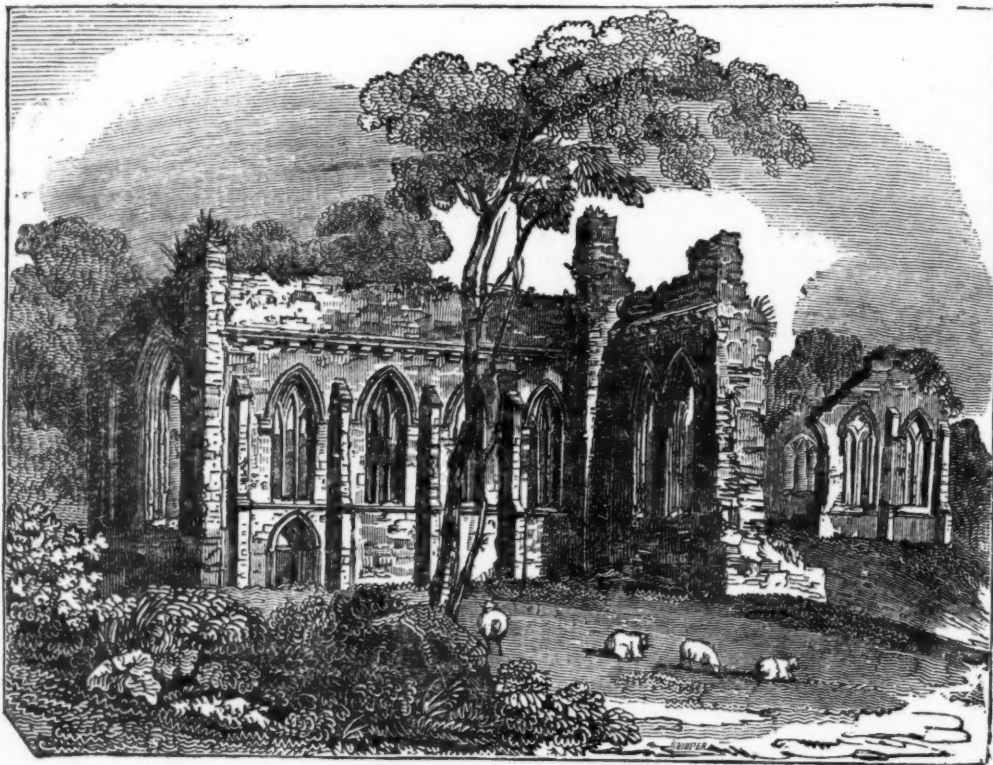
with no instrument but their knives, and it must have been the work of many days.

The state of the walls was also a melancholy testimony of the despair and horror they had witnessed. In all the places I have ever seen, which have been visited by travellers, I have always been able to read the names and histories of some of those who have gone before me; but I particularly observed, that in these huts on the Andes, not a name was to be seen, nor a word upon the walls. Those who had died in them were too intent upon their own sufferings; the horror of their situation was unspeakable, and thus these walls remain the silent monuments of past misery.—HEAD'S *Rough Notes*.

WATERTON, in his *Wanderings in South America*, gives the following account of his catching a snake. He had sent his Indian servant, Daddy Quashi, to look for something he had lost in the forest, and during his absence, he says, I observed a young Coulacanara, ten feet long, slowly moving onwards; I saw he was not thick enough to break my arm, in case he got twisted round it. There was not a moment to be lost. I laid hold of his tail with the left hand, one knee being on the ground; with the right hand I took off my hat, and held it as you would hold a shield for defence.

The snake instantly turned, and came on at me, with his head about a yard from the ground, as if to ask me, what business I had to take liberties with his tail. I let him come, hissing and open-mouthed, within two feet of my face, and then, with all the force I was master of, I drove my fist, shielded by my hat, full in his jaws. He was stunned and confounded by the blow, and ere he could recover himself, I had seized his throat with both hands, in such a position, that he could not bite me; I then allowed him to coil himself round my body, and marched off with him as my lawful prize. He pressed me hard, but not alarmingly so.

In the mean time, Daddy Quashi having returned, and hearing the noise which the fray occasioned, was coming cautiously up. As soon as he saw me, and in what company I was, he turned about and ran off home, I after him, and shouting to increase his fear. On scolding him for his cowardice, the old rogue begged I would forgive him, for that the sight of the snake had positively turned him sick.



EGGLESTONE ABBEY. See page 90.